

When a gentleman (?) speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination, is a much greater offense against gentlemanly dignity than any negligence of dress imaginable.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life—ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

On January 10th, ult., Rt. Rev. Theophile Meerschaert, Vicar Apostolic of Indian Territory, conferred the holy order of deaconship on Rev. D. Placidus, O.S.B., and Rev. D. Elias, O.S.B., both members of the Benedictine Abbey of Sacred Heart. At the same time he also raised to the subdeaconate D. Joachim Dougherty, O.S.B., native of Pennsylvania, and D. Gratian Ardans, O.S.B., of the Basque Country. We unite with all the members of the community in congratulations to the reverend gentlemen, who have been deemed worthy to receive the invitation of the Lord: "*Amice, ascende superius.*" Luke 14: 10.

Washington's birthday was ushered in by the students of Sacred Heart College in true "Fourth of July" style, with booming of cannon and every machine that could possibly make a noise. It was a gala day; and the sight of Old Glory fluttering in the crisp morning air, sent a thrill of patriotic fervor tingling through the veins and arteries of "Young America." The sport began early, but there seemed to be a

holding back of reserve force for bigger game. It came in the course of the afternoon, when the college eleven filed onto the campus prepared to do or die in a match game of football with the O. S. B. clerics. Excitement ran high; and the intense but friendly rivalry existing between these well-matched teams served to keep it at fever heat. Every inch of ground was hotly contested, but when the smoke of battle cleared away, the college colors had a rather drooping, bedraggled look, which led even the uninitiated to suspect that the clerics had squared accounts, and that now honors are easy. Better luck next time, boys! In the evening, in the lurid glare of the bonfires, to the inspiring martial and patriotic strains of Prof. Gregory's fife and drum corps, intermingled occasionally with the hoarse reverberations of young howitzers, the clans assembled. It was unnecessary to call up the shades of Patrick Henry, or Thomas Jefferson; for there is a wealth of home talent to do justice to the gentle George, and appropriately eulogize the "Father of Our Country." "God and Our Country" is the watchword of Catholic education, and in fidelity to that motto may Sacred Heart College stand, in the future as in the past, side by side with her sister colleges.

November 29, 1891, witnessed the accession to our ranks of another who had chosen the better part, in the person of John Moster, in religion Brother Boniface, native of Dearborn, New Alsace, Indiana. After the usual probation, his triennial vows were pronounced December 10, 1893. On the feast of St. Scholastica, February 10, 1897, he took his perpetual vows. The ceremony occurred in the beautiful new church attached to the Monastery. Rt. Rev. Abbot Duperon, in the presence of all the members of the community, receiving his vows.